

A SONG for St. *CÆCILIA*'s Day 1685.
Written by Mr. *N. Tate*, and Set by
Mr. *William Turner*.

23. Nov. 1685.

Tune the Viol, Touch the Lute,
Wake the Harp, inspire the Flute,
Call the Jolly Swains away,
Love and Musick reign to day.

Let your Kids and Lamkins rove,
Let them sport or feed at will,
Grace the Vale, or climb the Hill :
Let them feed, or let them love :
Let them love, or let them stray :
Let them feed, or let them play :
Neglect 'em or guide 'em,
No harm shall betide 'em,
On Bright *Cecilia*, Bright *Cecilia*'s Day.

Thus the Nymphs and Jolly Swains,
Kindly mingled on the Plains,
In delightful Measures move,
Full of Joy and full of Love,
With their Cheerful Roundelay,
Celebrate *Cecilia*'s Day,
While Angels join in Confort from Above.

What Charms can Musick not impart,
That through the Ear finds passage to the Heart ?
In vain the Muse indites the Lovers Tale :

In vain his doleful words declare
His Passion to the Cruel Fair :
'Tis Musick only makes his Song prevail :
This only can her scorn controul,
In vain do Wit and Sense combine,
Without this Art to make our Numbers shine :
Words are the Body, Musick is the Soul.

Call the Jolly Swains away,
To celebrate *Cecilia*'s Day.
Rouze the Viol, wake the Lyre
To sing her Praise who did our Art inspire.
Let victorious Heroes stay
At leisure we will do them Right,
To our own Art we consecrate this Day,
And Musick best can Musicks Praise recite.

F I N I S.